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JUST STUFF



EFFUSED
BY

GUY BLUE

pruned

Renton, Rollin J.

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To My Friends:

The things herein contained have been written at various times for you and to you. Perhaps you remember some of them.

If "Just Stuff" costs you nothing, should you blame me, if you read any of it?

The copyright hereon is not primarily for the purpose of protection, none being needed, but IS for the purpose of DIGNIFYING, or of lending an AIR to this "Stuff," otherwise wholly lacking.

You may doubt it, but I am,

Your sincere friend,

GUY BLUE.

Copyright,
1912,
by
ROLLIN J. BRITTON

My Girl.

Don't beckon me to Arts ideal,
Don't talk to me of a girl unreal;

Nor sing to me of a mountain maid,
Who climbs o'er rocks and is ne'er
afraid;

Nor chant to me of the western girl,
In divided skirts, on a mustang
awhirl;

Nor care I for an athletic spiel,
About short skirts and muscles of
steel.

Just push aside these mannish
creatures,
In western garb and sun-burned
features.

I hanker for the dear old girl,
With skin so soft—and teeth of
pearl.

With lips as red as a red, red rose,
And eyes that tell more than anyone
knows;

With a mind that puts one's soul
aglow,
With its thoughts, in words, spoken
sweet and low,

Clad in the things that are woman's
clothes,
From her peek-a-boo waist, to her
silken hose.

Oh! she is the girl that is hug-a-ble
too,
Kiss-a-ble, lovable, through and
through:

And I wouldn't swap her for e'en a
brief spell,
For all of the other kinds, this side
of—Texas.

The Pioneer.

Seventy years from the wilderness,
Three score years and ten;
And the frontier lines have vanish-
ed,
Midst the busy marts of men.

Seventy years from the wilderness,
And the pioneer gaunt and gray;
With the sombre life he loved so
well,
Is passing to endless day.

Twenty-four years, he was happy
and poor,
Six swift years in hell,
Forty years of labor and hope,
And he builded wondrous well.

God loves the ancient pioneer,
And has blest him with much to
tell,
Of honest love and honest toil,
And he's taking him home to dwell.

My Dear Wife.

I'm thinking of you my dearie,
How you've loved and cared for me;
How little I've done in return dear,
Though I've never ceased loving of
thee.

Come sit on my lap again darling,
We'll spoon as we did long ago;

* * * *

Oh! dang it! get off of my foot now,
You've ruined the corn on my toe.

Dear Ruth.

Your sweet face in the photo dear,
Is smiling up at me;
And taking me in memory,
Back where the mountains be.

Back where the golden sunshine,
Wakes to life, the mountain rills,
And the story of creation,
Is writ in granite hills.

I love the grand old "Rockies,"
That memory shows to me;
But bless your own sweet picture!
I'm fonder still of THEE.

To Miss Margaret B. Jamieson.

I met a Scottish lassie,
On Loch Lomond far away;
And she laughed in dire derision,
At the Gaelic Words I'd say,
Oh! I knew I could not speak them,
But I wished for her to know,
Of my pride in Grandsire's story,
Come from Scotland long ago.

* * *

And I'm dreaming, dreaming, dream-
ing,
On that little steamer steaming,
Down Loch Lomond far away;
And I ask her o'er and o'er,
For a tale of Gaelic lore.

* * *

And the postman brought a card
from her to-day.

"I live for those who love me,"
I know this means but few;
But I'm sure, if I but work them
There's enough of them to do.

Cupid.

I'm told that a little
Shameless elf,
Who'd left his clothes
On some long lost shelf;
Used to travel around
With arrow and bow,
Till he'd filled the World
With mirth and woe;
But this was long—
Real long ago,

Smart folks now chuck
The shameless elf,
Away behind much
Piled up pelf;
And they've broken the
String of his little bow;
And the present stock
Of mirth and woe,
Is all home made
A deal of a go.

Dear Sister.

Twixt love and hate and
hope and fear,
The world is full of things
so queer;
That I am sometimes forced
to sigh,
And wonder just the reason
why?
But then I see my duty
clear,
And keep on loving you,
my dear.

I'm still in love with Kansas,
And Kansas girls to me,
Are just like dear old Kansas;
(But I'm thinking still of thee.)

The Comforting News.

The poet dreamed a beautiful dream,
Of mountains and clouds and valleys
of green;

Of flocks and herds by a purling rill,
That meandered away down a purple hill;

His life was blest with joy serene,
O! happy the poet in his dream.

But awakening came like a mighty roar,

For the mail man entered the open door,

And thrust in the hand that lay in his lap,

A devilish dun from the "Democrat".
The same had come the day before.
He'd seen it times about a score.

Oh! shattered are the dreamer's dreams,

The poet's world just merely seems;
While life and love and sin and hate
Keep the poor devil a scratching late;

And yet he tunes his lyre and sings
Of the comforting news the paper brings.

Introspection.

Once a knocker came to town,
Most things he did despise;
He acted quite superior,
And felt most wondrous wise.

I thought about this gentleman,
And sized him for a clam;
He bore my very name sir!
And he wasn't worth a dam—

(Tinkers.)

A Song.

(The air and the atmosphere are synonymous.)

SWEET—

I've loved you long and a plenty,
I want you all for my own;
Come sail with me over the ocean,
We'll bask in the glories of Rome,
Come sail with me over the ocean,
And be my own—sweet own.

We'll love midst works of Old Masters,
I'll love you all for my own;
Come sail with me over the ocean,
We'll love down the valley of Rhone,
Come sail with me over the ocean,
And be my own—sweet own.

I'll list to the music of Heaven,
If you say—"I am your own";
Come sail with me over the ocean
And back once again to our home.
Come sail with me over the ocean,
And be my own—sweet own.

To Miss---

Your picture on the mantle, dear,
Brings your sweet self to me;
And calls up all the memories,
Of a trip across the sea.

For somewhere in my memory,
Is a tale of the deep blue sea;
And when the tale is ending,
I always think of thee.

And now that story haunts me,
When your picture comes to me;
And I love the dear old ocean,
But I'm fonder still of thee.

Ego.

Bill Jones is a great talker,
He works at it each day;
And when he gets to going,
He travels 'bout this way:

"I'd love to travel far away,
And leave my friends behind;
I'd wander round this strange old
sphere,
And its stranger people find.

I'd love to sail across the seas,
And the cooling breezes feel,
As the waves dash 'gainst the ves-
sels side,
And make the old boat reel.

I'd view Arabia's desert sands,
And the streets of Cairo old;
And the city of Naples by the bay,
At the foot of Vesuvius bold.

I'd view the steppes of Russia broad,
And the mountains of Hindostan;
I'd view the rivers of every clime,
And the greatest works of man.

But a little woman kindly says;
"Your kids have appetites keen,
And they need clothes and so do I."
So I dig for the long green.

If I could trade that bunch of love,
With the labors and joys they bring;
For views of the world and wealth
besides,
I'd shake the whole darned thing."

* * *

Bill Jones has told that story,
Till he thinks its almost true;
But the fact is, Bill's a liar,
And he never earns a son.

Old Arkansas.

When you think you are in dream-
land,
Midst its mountains and its plains;
Where the rivers all flow southward,
And the verdent verdure frames,
All the valleys into greenness;
And the forests sigh refrains.

Where the mountain air is laden
With the perfume of the pines;
Where the water fowl are rising,
Just beyond the canebrake lines;
And the mocking bird is singing,
From his refuge in the vines.

Where the cotton grows spontaneous,
Through the bayous fertile mould;
And the cornfields and the rice lands
Bear a freight of wealth untold;
And the brooklet by the homestead,
Would a tale of love unfold.

Then you think of fields Elysian,
And the city without flaw,
And toward yonder view ecstatic,
You in wonderment but draw,
But the darling "dipping snuff" there
Proves you're down in Arkansas.

An Aphorism.

By JOHN A. KECK.

We see all things in evidence
And if we'er put to rout;
We ascertain the balance,
By simply finding out.

Now Jack you tell Elizabeth,
She makes her uncle sad;
By being very naughty,
When she isn't awful bad.

Kansas.

I long for Kansas prairies,
Those verdant plains to see;
They're such a world-wide spread of
green
They harmonize with me.

Now when vain fancy calls me,
Far away from thoughts of pelf;
I dream of green prairies,
And the greenness of myself.

And the grand, great wealth of green-
ness,
That comes floating then to view,
Goes a sweeping past my vision,
Till it almost tinges you.

But the bugle call of duty,
Will awake me—and the view,
With its greens, must surely vanish,
And the colors change to blue.

My Ocean Queen.

With tresses that bore the hue of
night,
And lips as red as the rose;
With eyes that dreamed, yet saw
aright,
And form of divinest pose;
A rugged beauty, divinely fair,
A vision of life serene;
You floated to sight like a vision
rare,
Then vanished—My Ocean Queen.

We live in happy love dear,
In love so good and true;
You're loving all the world dear,
And I am loving you.

In Summer Time.

Men dream of youth and valour,
And linger o'er halcyon days;
When life is a stirring action,
And love marks all of its ways.

When the red blood runneth to riot,
And the heart of the maiden is glad,
As a valorous scion of manhood,
On loves passion well nigh goeth
mad.

And they linger o'er visions of battle,
As the hero his part playeth well;
And his enemies die all around him
Midst the maddening scenes of war's
hell.

And sweet is the buxom maiden,
That escapes with her strong lover
true;
While the weakling with all of his
millions,
Is bidden a ha—ha adieu.

* * *

But put those things far from me,
I really haven't the time,
The fish are a biting freely,
And I'm a sudologist fine.

An angel gazed on the open page,
Where I wrote my record down;
And there were tears in her soulful
eyes;
But angels can not frown;
And her tears that rained on that
open page,
Softened those signs of hell,
And she wiped them out with a blot-
ting pad,
I guess she did yours as well.

Solace.

A chump there was,
With the sense of a clam;
And he did as many men do.

And a woman there was,
A real bright woman;
Lovable through and through.

And they met, and he sighed,
As a lover should sigh,
In a story that's probably true.

Then he wanted to call,
Oh! he had the gall
And she turned him adrift mighty
blue.

* * * *

But ere he departed
This life broken hearted,
She kissed the poor cuss adieu.

A Valentine.

Everywhere in this
Old—Old—World;
Where hearts are
Happy and true,
They're telling a story
That's very old,
And sweet and pleasant
And ever new,
It's full of thrills and
Rhapsodies,
May I tell it dear
To you?

I dreamed a dream
Oh! it could not be;
Did you hear a low drawn sigh?
The old world laughed,
And just rolled on,
Do you ever wonder why?

Dear Wife.

The years have flown so quickly
Since the days of (something) three
When time to me was started,
Ere time began with thee.

And the scenes that have just flitted,
Like dreams in memory,
Have taken me through many a state,
And cross the deep blue sea.

And sorrows too have touched my
heart,

And joys have come to me,
But the happiness of life has been,
To be at Home with thee.

Then kiss my Mary and hug my
Jack,

And love Grandma for me;
And know that on my birthday,
I'm just a loving thee.

Dear Mary

Much happiness has come to me,
A looking on and loving thee.
How good the Father when he sent,
Such happiness and sweet content.
And oh! how grateful I should be,
A looking on and loving thee.

There are moments long past,
Which fond memory brings;
Sweet laden with incense
From Eden's own bowers;
Though time in his flight,
On tireless wings,
And the mammon of men,
With its splendors and powers,
Would down all the memories,
That may have been ours.

A Missouri Lawyer's Report.

(Annotated)

I've been to court in Kansas.

Where sunflowers used to grow:
I've crossed prairies beautiful,
And felt the breezes blow.

The corn fields and the wheat lands
Sing a golden roundelay;
And alfalfa grows so devilish fast
They cut it every day.(1)

The air is dry in Kansas,
And I was "dry" there, too,
Till I flew away with the "Eagles"
And learned a thing or two.(2)

They try men out in Kansas,
For selling "short" and "long;"
And when the jury's through, sir,
Defendant's "short" most
strong.(3)

And Cupid's working overtime,
At every Kansas station;
A man just loves those Kansas girls,
Till they sue for alienation.(4)

(1) For verification of this statement see J. W. Eads or J. W. Bartleson.

(2) Cross reference, see "Elks."

(3) This verse is not clear, but reference may be had to F. J. Knight or Chas. H. Nicholas. It is also said to please Gov. Hoch.

• (4) This verse originally read:

"To Miss Kansas:
Your form divine
Enthralls a heart
That's far beneath your station;
But Oh! I fear
These Western folk
Who sue for alienation."

You will find the original copy on file in the office of Burnham & Dashiell—who duly approved this form.

A case on trial in the court
Caused the eloquence to swell,
Till plaintiff's own hired counsel
Sent defendant "straight to
hell!" (5)

The Judge came down from off the
bench
And took me by the hand;
He looked out 'cross prairies
Into another land. (6)

He told me 'bout the purple hills,
The autumn glories rare,
The odors 'neath the forest trees
In the county of Adair. (7)

I clasped his hand;
He thrilled me through—
This poet judge
From "Old Misson." (8)

My case? Oh, well!
Where sunshine lies
I do my duty—
Made a compromise. (9)

Gallatin, Mo., Oct. 12, 1905.

(5) This quotation is not exact, but we must preserve the meter. For exact quotation see Kogey & Anderson; also Park B. Pulsifer.

(6) Sometimes stated, "A better land."

(7) Missourians living in Adair and adjoining counties think a good deal of Judge Pickler, but this should be kept quiet in Kansas.

(8) The reader will notice "HIS hand."

(9) If the reader feels like saying anything personal to the writer, he can gratify himself by giving the pretty girl at the Bell Telephone office \$1.50, after which he will be permitted to swear softly for three minutes in the telephone box.

A Remittance of \$18.00 should be made by each lawyer receiving a copy of this report. Otherwise the system will not be kept up.

Succeeding reports MAY be published
at the following prices:

Library Sheep	- - - -	\$8.00
+Buck Ram	- - - -	\$6.00

+Will keep in dry climate.

These Reports will not be on sale at "The
Bunch Drug Store."

Oh! may I not dream
Of voluptuous land
Where waking brings never a sigh?
And the mirth of "Old Earth"
As she wobbles along,
Is drowned in — do kiss me — O—h!
m—y!

You and I.

Let us dream again,
Of those other days,
Those days of the dreamy past,
When you and I loved dreaming much
And dreams came thick and fast.

Shall we dream again,
As in other days;
Those days of the long ago.
Of the things we loved to seem to
be,
A million miles from woe?

Shall we dream delusions,
As in other days;
Those days of the fervent past,
And float away in an open boat,
Without rudder, sail or mast?

Shall we love again,
As in other days;
Those days of the loving past;
When you and I loved loving much,
And hugged delusions fast?

A Musical Comedy.

There's a legend of the plains,
Lying neath Colorado's sky:
Where things are altitudinous,
And likewise very dry
That a man must surely irrigate,
Or else he's apt to die.

Where sunshine falls in glory,
On snowy ranges high,
And fills the mountain streamlet,
With songs that lovers try
And man must dam the music
And irrigate or die.

Where the music of the mountains,
And the blueness of the sky,
Just thrilled the soul of Milton
Smith;

Till he stage-ed the D. R. I.,
And sang that he would irrigate
Or know the reason why.

Then Kenefick formed the chorus,
With Lucas singing high,
And Speer and Bancroft warbling,
And Banks a sitting nigh,
And the music was—"Lets irrigate
Or bust things high and dry."

But Tew rang in a discord;
And Stybr burst a swell,
While Quigley looked real pious,
As o'er Ireland, Hensley fell,
And the sweetness of "Lets Irrigate"

Was spoiled by Russell's: "Hell!"

* * *

Now there comes a blueness o'er me,
Deeper than Colorado's sky,
For the pain is seared within me
Till my eyes refuse to cry
So I'll seek a booze emporium
And irrigate or die.

Dreams.

Oh! the dreams a dreamer dreams.
Midst the ever changing scenes;
Neath the firmament of blue,
Where the stars of night look
through.

Push his cares of life away ,
Let the dreamers visions sway,
With their living, dying strife,
All the dreaming dreamers life.

But the dreamer wakes from dreams,
With their evanescent scenes;
When a woman steps on deck,
And of dreamland makes a wreck.

Still fair woman twas with thee,
That the dreamer dreamed to be,
And for you he meets the strife,
That means battle all his life.

And the dreamer dreams of pelf,
And of your exquisite self;
And of love long tried and true.
Is he waiting dear for you?

To E. A. K.

When the lure of the east is over,
And your strife for glory is through;
When you've smiled adown the broad
board walk,

And done Coney Island too;
When "Vanity Fair" is ended;
Bid the "Great White Way" adieu,
And turn your thoughts to the west-
ward,

Where we're playing the game for you.
(But the cards have been stacked a
little

By A. Bolton and one G. Blue.)

John Jenkins.

John Jenkins is a nervous man,
His life is one acclaim;
For things to be in order,
And for "Home" that's more than
name.

He goes straight to his domicile,
When his daily task is done;
And when he enters the front door,
His wife sings, "Kingdom's Come."

For John removes from off the floor,
The papers scattered there,
He wipes the dust from off a shelf
And sits down in a chair.

Then up he jumps and pulls a rug,
A broom he gets to sweep;
A radiator he dusts off;
And cleans a window neat.

The books he straightens in a case,
The drawers shut with a crack;
The scattered garments gathers up;
And hangs them on the rack.

The closets come to order,
The sink gets a good rub,
The range gets it's inspection;
And the bath room door a scrub.

And when the dinner's over,
And John would read the news;
He spies the chairs are not arranged
According to his views.

He puts the chairs in order,
And the mantel, he doeth treat,
Unto a cleansing process,
That makes it very sweet.

And when tis time to go to bed,
His wife falls in a swoon,
For she finds him straightening up
The dresser in her room.

Then when the morning dawns,
And he has gone—oh my!
She finds that he has traced her
name,
Wherever dust doth lie.

And this is her reminder,
Of things to do straightway;
Till he can come back from his work
And do as yesterday.

* * * *

Yet she never does get angry,
Nor does her love run cool,
But once a neighbor thought she
knew,
She'd married a d——d fool.

Friendship.

I am your friend,
As friendship goes;
I would not add
To any one's woes;
But should you dare
To cross my track,
I'd plunge a knife
Into your back.

At Bleish's Grocery Store.

Well, me and John's been to McFall,
And we heard the sages roar,
As tells the stories good and tall,
At Bleish's grocery store.

Oh! Bleish he says: "You under-
stand,"
And then he ripped and tore,
And told how this yere blessed
land,
Was bleedin' all and sore.

"And Tilden was elected," "see"
He sez it with a yell,
"An republicans in ninety-three,
Was meaner sure than hell."

"And now when times agin is glum,
An moneys bid farewell,
All democrats is chewing gum,
An thinkin' some a spell."

He knowed the hull dang busted
thing.

Was caused by currency a settin',
While the banks was just about to
spring

A steal of three per centum.

An Rallsten sed: "It were a fright
The way the banks could do us;
No western bank should shut up
tight,

When New York owed St. Louis."

An Governor Jim he said with vim;
As sure as Holy writ,
"The banks take all the money in,
And then they up and loan it."

Oh! memories of boyhood spring!
Midst all this wondrous lore,
'Twas ever thus in "spitters ring"
At Bleish's grocery store.

A Valentine.

'Twas long ago,
And Summer time,
With the nights
At sea sublime;
The stars looked down
On the Cedric's deck,
And the zephyrs blew
Ones hair a wreck,

While the changing colors
Of the sea
Formed a vision of glory
For you and me.

* * * *

And that vision
Often now I see
Along with a picture
That looks like thee.

“A Jiner.”

Miss Lilly O'Flaherity came from
France,

A democrat through and through;
She hated the royal aristocrats
And their social vagaries too.

She lived for the good of the com-
mon weal,

And her heart would well nigh
break;

As she thought of the Lord's of
many realms,

And the snobbishness of State.

She loved America's manly men,
All Sovereigns, first and last,
And one, she took into her heart,
And “nailed him to the mast.”

And when her hubby's erstwhile joy,
Had wilted down a bit;

He found his queen demanding
things;

So into work he lit.

For he had to join the Masons,
So she could enter the “Eastern
Star.”

And the I. O. O. F. must open its
doors;

For there's where “Rebekah's” are

And the "Royal Neighbors" heard
her cry,

And the "Knights and Ladies of
Cheer,"

And she is the "Regal Potentate
Of the Western Hemisphere."

Her hubby's the institution now,
That keeps the children all;
While she in a night gown over her
dress,

Goes marching in the hall.

And Oh! Alas! It has come to me,
She's become a "Princess" too,
In the "Royal Court" with its pur-
ple robes;

Good Lord! What can he do?

The Summer Girl.

A pretty face neath a mass of hair;
A peek-a-boo waist, and arms all
bare;

A pair of slippers that make one
stare;

A skirt—oh yes—I see it there, and
A pair of silk hose that end some-
where.

* * *

Oh! how she can pose,
As she plays her part,
Oh! bless the dumpling,
She's most all heart.

A Crystal Wedding.

Dear Will:—

Life has been good to thee;
The wife, the babies and the home
But speak lifes ecstasy,
And I shall join your crew

That sails o'er a "crystal" sea,
The good that comes to you
Shall also come to me.

* * * *

Beyond this crystal sea
We may not be together, Will,
I'm—not—so good—as—thee!

To Miss

A glint of sunshine played to-day,
Across my room in willful way.

Like token of the days to be,
Lest we forget midst the gloom we see.

Insatiate with sheer delight,
I grasped the sunbeam warm and bright.

Come emblem of the good and free,
Canst thou bring happiness to me.

E're winter's songs of discontent,
Enthrall our hearts with dread lament?

Then did the sunshine fairy say,
SUMMER'S here,
Just over the way.

Phantoms.

I've been way back to Boyville,
Midst the scenes of long ago,
With the memories of boyhood,
On the banks of "old St. Joe."
Where I've basked in summer's glory,
And the joys I fain would know,
But the phantoms sat beside me,
And they filled my soul with woe.

There were few who e'en recalled
me,

As an humble care free boy
Barely one asked of my calling,
Or the things that give me joy.
And my boys and girls of Boyville,
Most, have gone far, far away,

But their phantoms hovered with me,
In an awful gruesome way.. .

On the river flows forever,
Just as God's would have it flow;
Just a crystal flood of glory,
Down the valley of St. Joe.
And our launch midst clouds and tree
tops,
Mingled in reflections glow,
But the phantoms rode beside me
O'er the waters of St. Joe.

Oh! the memories of boyhood,
And the glories of that ride;
Midst the islands of the river,
Where the crimson flowers abide.
And the cattle way off yonder,
Walk feet upward through the tide,
But reflections are but phantoms,
And they're ever at my side.

'Twas the "Hero" song the women
sang,
As we floated down the stream;
And the music wafted over,
That valley's silver sheen.
While the spires of ancient Boyville,
Gave an unction to the scene,
Till the phantoms seized my heart
strings,
And made me want to scream.

And way back there in Boyville
Where the farmers come and go,
With a steady mien and measure,
Like the rivers gentle flow;
They have formed some real opinions
And "Bill Taft" has got to go,
For they all must have some phan-
toms,
There beside the old St. Joe.

I may travel over deserts,
And tramp the shores of Spain;

I may view the Taj Mahal,
And India's northern plain,
I may talk the Yankee lingo,
Adown the coast of Maine;
But the phantoms back at Boyville,
Shall never come again.

A Valentine.

Dear Alice May,
I write to say,
I'm lovin you
Bout every day.
But I must also
Stop to tell,
My wife says
As I'm needin----well
If I don't just
Most careful be
She'll make things
Hotter still for me.

Dreamland.

Did you ever live in dreamland?
And dwell in ecstasy,
Where the things of other days
Came crowding back to thee?

And did you dwell in dreamland?
Or did you dreaming, see,
The things that should have been,
A part of life to thee?

And did you wake from dreamland?
And find that things to be,
Are better than you ever dreamed,
In wildest ecstasy?

If you can see this ending,
Your life has had its thrills,
If not, you're very bilious,
Take Brosius' Liver Pills.

To Miss.

A dreamer sat in his office chair
And somnolence captured him sitting there.

Leastwise a woman came slipping in,
Like a vision of joy to chat with him.

I can't make out this proper name,
I wish you could write like one in the game.

Call Crittenden up and make things go,
Can't he send us some finals, this months slow?

Ever feel such a breeze a blowing as that,
Every time I think it will get my rat?

Back to her work the woman trains,
Beyond her room comes Norma's strains.

Oh somehow the music touched her heart,
Or was it the story of the singer apart?

Leastwise the things of love and woe,
Link hearts in friendship here below

Till lives in useful efforts spent,
Take toll in happiness and content.

Oh the dreamer awoke with feelings sore,
On the abrupt intrusion of Robert Moore.

Nor could he find the woman there,
Not even a glint of her beautiful hair.

"If you love me
As I love you,"
The old, old story went,
"No knife can cut
Our love in two,"
Nor need we care a cent.

The River St. Joe.

(Michigan.)

'Tis only in fancy I now can descry
The limped stream I knew long ago;
'Tis only in memory I now can defy
The turbulent waters as onward
they flow.

But still in my fancy I'm living today
On the stream of my boyhood, the
noble St. Joe,
And now on its waters my boat rides
away,
While the moonlight falls on me as
onward I go.

My comrades are with me; they're
jolly and gay,
And the woods and the shore line
so beautiful seem,
While now in the distance the night
shadows lay
'Round the dear little city of Con-
stantine.

Are we fishing tonight, boys, again
as of yore?
No—dreaming my hearties, as on-
ward we go,
And the forms that seem standing
so dim on the shore,
Are those in the legends of the
noble St. Joe.

'Twas here Father Hennepin, in the
days long ago,
Floated on o'er these waters so
deep and so blue;
'Twas here that the Jesuits with
chant and with song,
Came telling their story to a world
that was new.

And now comes the vision of White
Pigeon, the King,
And the red man is master o'er riv-
er and wood,
While the wild game and fish are
the trophies they bring
To the Pottowatomie wigwams blest
home of the good.

But the visions pass quickly, Capt.

Bungay is coming,
His flat boat is floating past Barry's they say,
And the stories of Puddleford told by
Riley when funning,
Come drifting to sight in a vague
sort of way.

Oh! quickly we live o'er the stories
of old,
And see things again as they were
in our youth,

* * *

The dams now cross over the river
so bold,
And the rumbling mills of its power
are the proof.

What sound do I hear? How it echoes
do swell!

Oh! it's over from town on this
prayer meeting night,
'Tis the grand invitation of the Dutch
Reformed bell,
And Beardsley is telling of Christ
and the right.

We shall anchor our boat by the vil-
lage unseen,
We'll find it again as we did long
ago;

There can be no changes in dear
Constantine,
The proud little city of the river
St. Joe.

We'll walk through the maple lined
streets 'till the sun
Comes waking to life the folks we
all knew,
When Keightly first started to Wash-
ington,
And democrats howled because they
were blue.

And then to the school-house with
children we knew,
To go o'er the lessons and work as
of yore,
Mother Joss, Mrs. Bryson and Kings-
bury, too,
Are waiting to tell us of things by
the score.
To the country we'll wander, in the
woods we shall tarry,
And Fawn river shall bathe us, so
jolly and gay.
Then we'll watch old Sol, o'er White
Pigeon prairie,
As slowly and grandly he closes
the day.
Don't tell me of changes that time
may have wrought.
I'm living in boyhood, where tam-
aracks grow;
And the peppermint fields, in fancy,
I've sought,
On the river historic, the noble St.
Joe.



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